

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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With Photogravure Supplement: General Sir Douglas Haig. SIXPENCE.

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WOUNDED IN ITS COUNTRY'S CAUSE: A FRENCH RED-CROSS DOG HAVING ITS PAW BANDAGED BY A DOCTOR.

Dogs play their part very faithfully in the French Army, acting sometimes with sentries, but more often as Red Cross workers. In the latter capacity, their chief business is to search for wounded men who may be hidden in undergrowth. On

finding anyone, they take his képi, or something else belonging to him, and carry it back to their masters, thus giving the warning. The flags on the doctor's door may be noticed.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY; SUPPLIED BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



## EYES TO SEE.

IT is not really necessary for salvation to believe that American correspondents write the best war-books—some of them can do the business quite as badly as the rest of us—but in the main it is a fact that their work has a great and particular interest for readers in this country. This is because the American (that is, the American who does not possess the fine old Milwaukee name of Von der Schultze) has in his heart ideals which are also essentially British ideals; while at the same time his way of looking at things is not quite ours, but a manner drier, keener, and more novel. That is the value of the American correspondent; he sees with a British heart a multitude of things British eyes do not notice. And it is this quality that gives value to Mr. Frederick Palmer's book, "My Year of the War." Mr. Palmer has been the accredited American correspondent at our front, and being a man of nimble intelligence, of a high degree of illative vision, and possessed of the quick acquisitive curiosity of the American, he has been able to make the most of his unique opportunities. From this point of view his book is admirable, pungent, and absorbing. But there is something else in it that makes it even more arresting. Mr. Palmer has been a man wrestling for a long year with virtue. With President Wilson he has battled for months to keep his heart unsullied by any emotion of acute sympathy towards a side that fights in his own language, with his own blood, and for his own aspirations of larger freedom. He has been doing his best; but you are perfectly conscious that he has failed—and so is he. "Between right and wrong one cannot be a neutral," he admits.

Mr. Palmer, then, has written the most British of neutral war surveys, and he has written it so well that I am in a hurry to recommend it to everyone. His Odyssey of war has been pretty comprehensive. He reached Belgium at the outbreak; and particularly the balanced reader will like his sound but unsentimental opinion of the Belgian fighters. He was in Paris when Mons and the Marne were being fought. After this, Germany—and some very fine chapters on Germany's organised hate, Germany's organised "normality," and his indications that there is more strain in Germany than the Censor allows to be seen. We find Berlin a city of bluff, but Hamburg undoubtedly a city of suspended animation—"scratch the cuticle of that optimism [Hamburg's] and you will find that the corpuscles did not run red." From Germany to the "bread-line" of Belgium is the next step; and here is real hate, the hate of the conquered, the hate that does not need hymns to enflame. And in Belgium you get the reason why neutrals, for all their austerity, cannot help loving the Allies. England, holding the seas, might have let Belgium starve—*Krieg ist Krieg*, why should not the conqueror undergo the strain of feeding the conquered: it would help shorten the war, wouldn't it? But Britain let the bread-ships through. Food went to Belgium, and the strain of feeding was taken from Germany's shoulders. That is "England at her best," declares Mr. Palmer, and his neutrality gets another bad strain. But even the chapters on Belgium are not so good as those on the British Army as he saw it in billet and in the fighting trench. It is impossible to quote—there is too much that one wants to quote—of the British soldiers who find it impossible to hate, of the officers who exist in mud-holes, and carry their sporting instincts and their personal reticence into the fighting line, and the rest. All these chapters are particularly attractive in their humanity and humour, their insight and their power of impressionism. Mr. Palmer has won fame by his descriptions of the Grand Fleet, but to my mind the excellence of that feat—as one sees it in its chapters in this book—is surpassed by the warm and glowing humanity of his chapters on the Army.

Mr. G. Valentine Williams, the correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, covers much the same ground in his "With Our Army in Flanders," but he does it in a way peculiarly his own and essentially Anglican. His is a good, zestful volume, light-hearted and brave in tone, inclined to concentrate more on battle-scenes and the mechanism of war than the pervasive psychology of the fighting-men. Yet in this Mr. Williams is a valuable friend. His passion for seeing "How Things Work" enables him to put before us a series of excellently vivid accounts of Staffs at their labours, of gunners and flying corps about their business, the sports and the tribulations of the troops, and their humours and their slang, the billeting of battalions and their trench-life, as well as his pictures of the hard-working and devoted regimental officer (of whom he is the Homer). These things, and many useful stories of fighting and spirited accounts of personal heroism, enable him to produce an account of war worth preserving.

Captain Granville Fortescue has written a couple of books on his experiences in Russia, the Balkans, and in Gallipoli. One, "What of the Dardanelles?" is a slight elaboration of matter in the other, "Russia, the Balkans, and the Dardanelles." I am afraid I am not so impressed with Captain Fortescue as I had hoped to be. There are plenty of good things in both books, particularly in the Russian descriptions, but to me it seems that he does not see so deeply as, say, Mr. Palmer. The effect is just a little bit flat where, about so splendid a thing as the Russian spirit (of which he gives ample indications), there is no reason at all to be flat. Also, Captain Fortescue has the habit of generalising without producing facts. His opinions may be correct, but one would wish him to give some line of reasoning which would enable us to see how he arrived at his conclusions. Although this habit is less apparent in his book on the Dardanelles, there is yet the feeling that the book might be immensely more valuable than it is. He shows, what is probably current knowledge by this time, how we lost all the success which would have followed our surprise attack at Gallipoli by the absence of a landing force; and he shows, too, the accumulated strength of the defence which gives the present problem its extreme gravity. Both books are interesting.—W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

\* "My Year of the War." By Frederick Palmer. (London: John Murray, 6s. net.) † "With Our Army in Flanders." By G. Valentine Williams. (London: Edward Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.) ‡ "What of the Dardanelles?" By Captain Granville Fortescue. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 13s. net.) § "Russia, the Balkans, and the Dardanelles." By Captain Granville Fortescue. (London: Methuen, 6s. net.)

## OUR SUPPLEMENT.

ON Dec. 15, the War Office made the announcement: "General Sir Douglas Haig has been appointed to succeed Field-Marshal Sir John French in command of the Armies in France and Flanders. Since the commencement of the war, during over sixteen months of severe and incessant strain, Field-Marshal Sir John French has most ably commanded our armies in France and Flanders, and he has now, at his own instance, relinquished that command. . . . His Majesty the King has been pleased to confer upon Sir John French the dignity of a Viscount of the United Kingdom. Sir John French has accepted the appointment of Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief the Troops stationed in the United Kingdom." General Sir Douglas Haig is a soldier with a fine record, made in this and other wars. He was born in 1861; joined the 7th Hussars in 1885; served through the Sudan and South African Campaigns; and was promoted Major-General in 1904. He has held various important commands at home and in India, and during the present war has been mentioned in despatches in terms of generous appreciation by Sir John French. Sir Douglas Haig married, in 1905, the Hon. Dorothy Maud Vivian, sister of Lord Vivian.

## FOR THE FRENCH RED CROSS.

IT is not often that benevolence and aesthetic pleasure are so happily combined as in the latest method of helping that most admirable organisation the French Red Cross. Brilliant work by Edmund Dulac is being published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, on behalf of the *Daily Telegraph*, in a handsome volume, the profits of which are to be given to the French Red Cross. The pages of "Dulac's Picture-Book for the French Red Cross" are devoted to familiar fairy-tales, quaint old French songs, and other subjects which lend themselves happily to the art of Dulac, and afford him scope for his fertile imagination, fine sense of colour, and quietly effective humour. "The Story of the Bird Feng" is a bold piece of work, full of fire and colour; and in strong contrast is the picture of a French beau of a hundred years ago, ogling two pretty girls through his be-ribboned eyeglass. There is a very fine nocturne in blue and silver, "The Nightingale," and a dozen or more other examples of Edmund Dulac's versatile talent. And the volume costs only three shillings. The offices of the Croix Rouge Française are at 9, Knightsbridge, S.W. The work it is doing is splendid, enormous, and increasing, and, in addition to buying this beautiful book, sympathisers should send any sum they can afford to Edmund Dulac, care of the *Daily Telegraph*, London, E.C.

## AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Oxford. Andrew Lang. Illustrated in Colour by G. F. Carline. 12s. 6d. net. (Seeley, Service.)  
Sovereigns and Statesmen of Europe. Princess Catherine Radziwill. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)  
Epistles from Deep Seas. J. E. Patterson. 10s. 6d. net. (Samphill.)  
Through Wonderful India and Beyond. Norah Rowan Hamilton. 12s. 6d. net. (Holden and Hardingham.)  
Life Jottings of an Old Edinburgh Citizen. Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B. 10s. 6d. net. (Foulis.)  
With the Turkish Army in the Crimea and Asia Minor. T. Buzzard, M.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)  
The Harim and the Purdah. Elizabeth Cooper. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)  
The Jolly Duchess, Harriet Mellon. Charles E. Pearce. 10s. net. (Stanley Paul.)  
Is There a Shakespeare Problem? C. G. Greenwood. 16s. net. (The Bodley Head.)  
My Years at the Austrian Court. Nellie Ryan. 10s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)  
Thirty-five Years in the New Forest. Gerard Lascelles. 12s. 6d. net. (Arnold.)  
The Life of the Duke of Marlborough. Edward Thomas. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)  
Indian Thought Past and Present. R. W. Frazer, LL.B., C.E., I.C.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)  
Savage Man in Central Africa. A. L. Cureau. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)  
A Naturalist in Madagascar. James Sibree, F.R.G.S. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service.)  
My Own Past. Maude M. C. Foulkes. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)  
Recollections and Reflections. Bishop Welton. 12s. net. (Cassell.)  
Nelson's History of the War. Vol. VIII. John Buchan. 1s. net. (Nelson.)  
Glorious Deeds of Australasians. E. C. Buley. 3s. 6d. net. (Nelson.)  
An Englishman in the Russian Ranks. John Morse. 6s. (Duckworth.)  
Corners of Grey Old Gardens. With Illustrations in Colour by Margaret Waterfield. 3s. 6d. net. (Foulis.)  
The Great War: Its Lessons and Its Warnings. Right Hon. Jesse Collings, J.P., M.P. 2s. (Rural World Publishing Co.)  
The Bible and the War. Walter Wynn. 6d. net. (Garden City Press.)  
Continental Cookery for the English Table. Edith Sippen. 2s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)  
France at Bay. Charles Dawbarn. 3s. net. (Mills and Boon.)  
The Story of a Hare. J. C. Tregarthen, F.Z.S. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)  
The Life Story of an Otter. J. C. Tregarthen, F.Z.S. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)  
A Salute from the Fleet. Alfred Noyes. 5s. net. (Methuen.)  
The Village Church. P. H. Ditchfield. 3s. net. (Methuen.)  
Quand Mème. Blanche Byrom. 5s. net. (Privately Published.)  
My Garden in Autumn and Winter. E. A. Bowles. 5s. net. (Jack.)  
My Police Court Friends with the Colours. Robert Holmes. 2s. net. (Blackwood.)  
With the Russian Army. Robert R. McCormick. 6s. (Macmillan.)  
Vision of War. Lincoln Colcord. 5s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)  
The Adventures of Seumas Beg. James Stephens. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)  
Songs from the Trenches. Capt. C. W. Blackall. 1s. net. (The Bodley Head.)  
Joffre Chaps. Pierre Mille. 1s. net. (The Bodley Head.)

## NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE PEDLAR OF DREAMS." AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

A DELIGHTFUL title is that which has been found for the new entertainment of the Quaints, just the title for a Christmas programme; and if there is little plot in the scheme of "The Pedlar of Dreams," save the idea of Pierrot being translated to earth by this band of comedians, being taken the round of the revues, and going back to Pierrot-land to cook his simple meal of fish over his fire; why, they themselves are so facile with their melody of song and jest and dance that nobody cares what is missing, and everyone laughs at the fun and fancy provided. The Quaints are no bad successors to the Follies of former time. Instead of the robust Pélissier we have the small Mr. R. B. Salisbury, a very dry, unpretending, but effective humourist. His chief male companions are Mr. Edward Gar and Mr. Lane Mott, the latter of whom does a clever little skit on Miss Peggy May's "cobweb" dancing. Miss Peggy May, with her aureola of hair and her sylph-like movements, is the "star" among the ladies of the company, and deserves her place. But though there are outstanding members in this little band, it is the ensemble that counts. They have a delightful turn, where they all serve as china ornaments to a big Louis Quinze clock; and another, in which after burlesquing the favourites of the town, they set to work burlesquing themselves: the men taking off the girls, and the girls, the men. It will be a tired audience that does not explode with laughter over this latter audacity.

## "CHARLEY'S AUNT," AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

It is a big house for farce, but "Charley's Aunt" has done such wonders that it may well fill even the London Opera House through the holiday season. For, though there is nothing new that can possibly be said about Mr. Brandon Thomas's now quite aged play, this much can be averred: that it has lost none of its appeal to the average sense of humour. Moreover, the latest revival has the advantage of players so much at home with the play and with each other that they might have been acting for months together. Not a point is missed, and yet there is no labouring after effects. Mr. Percy Crawford in Penley's old part; Mr. James Page as Spettigue; Mr. Sydney Compton as the scout; and Mr. J. R. Crawford as the old Colonel, are the pick of the cast; yet to praise them at the expense of others is almost unfair, for there is no weak spot.

## NEW NOVELS.

"Secret History." There is nothing very secret in "Secret History" (Methuen), by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, but that matters not at all. A book by these amusing partners need not be concerned with meticulous accuracy, either in its title or its quotations. ("A picker-up of unconsidered trifles" jumps to the eye.) They have their art—the entertainment of the public—at their fingers' ends. They know exactly how to blend the beautiful but cold-hearted Diana, the ardent Peggy, the gallant Eagle, and the villainous Vandeyke into one glorious confection. They annihilate space in aeroplanes and the Limited, and they foregather with their friends in Embassies, and hover on the church steps at a smart London wedding. Their greatest attraction is, perhaps, the ease with which they produce the illusion of golden youth. Lady Peggy, in all her cinematographic adventures, is really alive, really bubbling over with the innocent joy of sweet seventeen. And this is quite as it should be, for nothing a minute over twenty-five could have stood the strain of her experiences; whereas Peggy remains golden to the end.

## "The Passionate Crime." Mr. Temple Thurston has gone to the Irish mountains and looked up the Irish fairies. He finds, of course, Celtic fairies as they should be—creatures whom discreet mortals do well to let alone. There is more bad luck than good to come out of coquetting with them, whether you dance in their ring under the light of the moon or, more subtly, brood upon them silently, with a poet's imagination.

The atmosphere of "The Passionate Crime" (Chapman and Hall) is admirably diffused, so that it makes clouds of mystery and bewitches the spectator of the loves of Antony Sorel and Anna Quatermaine. It is an affair of the spirit—whether the spirit of Elfand or of old Malachi's midnight bottle Mr. Thurston leaves you to think out for yourself. At the end of the story comes the disillusionment of those who awake, in a cold dawn, where overnight they frolicked with the fairies. A shivering reaction reveals quite clearly that it was Anna all the time, and that Antony was only one more poet who benumbed himself to madness by melancholy and the love of woman. Then you turn back again, into the magic mists, and you are not so sure. . . . And, probably, the only firm conviction that remains to you is that Mr. Thurston himself, in the doubling, elusive mood of "The Passionate Crime," has not a little of the powers of the literary magician behind him.

## "Captain the Curé." We think Mrs. Baillie-Saunders has made a mistake in going to the Belgium of 1914 for the material of "Captain the Curé" (Hodder and Stoughton). There is nothing to be said against her story except the one all-covering criticism that it should not have been published at a time when the sack of Louvain and the battle of the Yser are so near to us, and those who have taken part in them have not yet receded into the sober perspective of history. "Captain the Curé" is a well-intentioned book; but, frankly, at present we resent finding outraged Belgian women and martyred Belgian priests in a work of fiction. The least we can do for our unhappy Flemish friends is to forswear the temptation to use their tragedy to pass an hour for the subscribers to the circulating library. Only supreme genius could handle the subject of "Captain the Curé" without offence. Mrs. Baillie-Saunders's knack of facile story-telling will soon be employed again, we hope, in regions where no exception can be taken to its activity.





IN COMMAND OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS: GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG,  
WHO HAS SUCCEEDED FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.

General Sir Douglas Haig was born on June 19, 1861, and joined the 7th Hussars in 1885. He has seen active service in the Soudan and in South Africa, and has held various important Army appointments, including those of Director of Staff Duties at Army Headquarters, Chief of Staff in India, and General Officer Commanding at

Aldershot. He went out with the Expeditionary Force in August 1914, and was engaged at Mons on August 23 and 24. On the expansion of the Army, he was appointed to command the First Army, which fought at the battles of Neuve Chapelle, Festubert, and Loos. The Hon. Lady Haig is a sister of Baron Vivian and has two daughters.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.



# THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., S. AND G., AND PHOTOPRESS.



THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT ST. BEDE'S JUNCTION: A WRECKED ENGINE AFTER THE DOUBLE COLLISION.



FIRE ADDS TO THE TERRORS OF THE DISASTER AT ST. BEDE'S JUNCTION: BETWEEN SOUTH SHIELDS AND NEWCASTLE: PART OF A COACH BURNT OUT.



FIRE AND THE ST. BEDE'S JUNCTION ACCIDENT: PART OF A BURNT-OUT COACH.



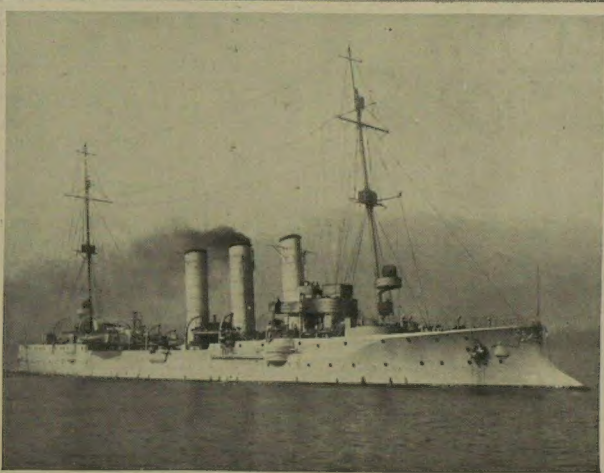
WITH WIRE-CUTTING "LANCE": AN ARMOURD ITALIAN ENGINEER OFFICER OF A "DEATH COMPANY."



THE CAPTAIN COMMANDING A "DEATH COMPANY": AN ARMOURD OFFICER OF ITALIAN ENGINEERS.



WITH HIS "LANCE" FOR CUTTING WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS: A WELL-ARMOURD ITALIAN ENGINEER.



SUNK BY A SUBMARINE IN THE BALTIC: THE GERMAN CRUISER "BREMEN"; SISTER OF THE "LEIPZIG," SUNK IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS BATTLE.



THE HOME OF "FORD'S FOLLIES": THE "OSCAR II." LEAVING NEW YORK WITH "MR. HENRY FORD AND HIS QUARRELSOME CREW OF PEACE PILGRIMS."

Early on December 17 a terrible railway accident occurred on the North-Eastern Railway, at St. Bede's Junction. A passenger-train from South Shields ran into a light engine, and immediately afterwards an empty passenger-train ran into the wreckage. Fire added to the terrors, and rescuers had to abandon a number of unfortunate passengers, who were pinned under blazing carriages.—With regard to the centre photographs, it will be noted that armour and the lance-like wire-cutter make the Italian soldiers look like men-at-arms of olden days. So dangerous is the work that those engaged upon it form what are called "Death Companies."—It was announced on December 19 that the

German Admiralty had stated that the cruiser "Bremen" and a torpedo-boat had been sunk in the Baltic by a submarine. It is understood at the moment that the attack was made by two British submarines. The "Bremen" was completed in 1904, and was of 3200 tons.—The "Oscar II," with the Ford Peace Party (otherwise known as "Ford's Follies") on board, reached Christiania on December 19, without official or other welcome! A correspondent describes those aboard as "Mr. Henry Ford and his quarrelsome crew of Peace Pilgrims"; and it is asserted that there is a distinct lack of harmony among the members of the party.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE peril of peace, which is for us greater than any of the perils of war, was, upon the whole, lessened after the German Chancellor's speech upon the matter. It still wants watching, for indeed the speech in question did not make very much difference in any direction. It is not necessary to go into any details about such demented departures from reality as the comparison he attempted between the instant and loyal resistance of Belgium and the illogical and hesitating hospitality of Greece. It is needless to follow the parallel point by point, as it may be presumed that he has followed it. No doubt, he gave a pathetic description of how the Allies have driven the Greek King out of Athens and practically out of Greece; how we have taken his crown, and driven his consort and family into exile; how we have forbidden the Greek flag to be flown in the Greek cities, and insulted the Greek Patriarch for calling Constantine a lawful King. He doubtless denounced, in a powerful passage, our conduct in forcing the Greek working-classes to make munitions for their country's enemies. He painted a moving picture of the thousands of harmless Greek peasants whom we have carried away into captivity, to pine in the fortresses of Scarborough or rebuild the annihilated docks of London. Our conduct in policing every Greek village, and punishing little boys for wearing their national colours, called forth his severe rebuke. He pointed the finger of unanswerable accusation at that awful scene in which English soldiers shot a Greek woman for allowing a Greek man to escape to the flag of his fatherland. "How long" (I presume him to have exclaimed), "How long, O Lord, shall the passionate pro-Prussian unanimity of the whole Greek population be brutally borne down by the armed millions whom the British or the Serbians have already poured all over its territories?" In short, he may have made some preposterous effort to prop up the paralytic figure of the poor Greek King into the defiant attitude of an imitation King of the Belgians. The effort is not likely to annoy anybody much except the Greek King himself, who is perpetually explaining that he does not object to the Allies at all.

Or the Chancellor may have tried to work the parallel the other way. He may have said that the majority of the Belgians, in elections, in public meetings, and in Parliament itself, are openly on the side of Prussia; that the greatest patriotic statesman of Belgium, and perhaps of Europe, is burning for a Belgian war with France. It does not much matter what he said.

But the recent speech of the German Chancellor involved one very interesting revelation. It was not meant to; but the Prussian is never so transparent as when he is trying to deceive. In the main matter of the German efforts for peace we do not, indeed, depend upon internal evidence. There are movements of Germans all over the world which can have no other meaning. What was interesting in the Chancellor's attitude was the denial of any desire on his part to make peace, combined with a very obvious and earnest desire that we should make it. There are a great many things to be said about this singular position, but perhaps the most important is this: If there were any truth in that moral greatness which is always claimed by Germans (and never claimed by people who have it), we may safely say that the

representative of Germany might have said almost anything else except this.

There would have been a certain real greatness in saying, "Neither you nor I nor anything that is human know the future; we know the present, and it is war." There would have been some greatness in saying, "We have played for a great stake; take advantage of your luck; you will never understand how great a thing you have thwarted." There would have been even a kind of greatness in saying, "This war is ruining us, but it is ruining you; the destruction in which we rejoice is disinterested and in

learnt it; therefore beware!" There would probably have been most greatness of all in saying nothing. What the German representative did say was in substance something like this: "Personally, we find this war most enjoyable. We like to watch Germany growing richer and happier and larger and more and more comfortable every minute. But in the very exuberance of our contentment we are so supernaturally magnanimous that, while our surplus of population and our surfeit of food are agreeably varied by the news of incessant and flawless triumphs, we cannot help being sorry for the wretched remnant of our enemies, whose agony will increase until the thought of it is insupportable. For heaven's sake, let them surrender now; if they surrender one week after they will all be shot; a week later they will be burned alive; a week after that they will be boiled in oil, or pulled into small pieces with red-hot pincers. Oh, please surrender, before it comes to that; surrender to-day—surrender this minute! You have no idea how red-hot pincers will hurt!"

The German Chancellor has been the most respectable of the Prussian central group, and may, within his Prussian limitations, have been doing his best for his country. But touching the man who made that sort of appeal, at that sort of moment, as a way out of that sort of difficulty, I know not what to call him but a miserable fool.

The fact that the Prussian is seeking peace in the most despicable way in which he could seek it—by refusing to admit his own apprehensions, but seeking feverishly to work upon ours—ought not to disguise from us the ultimate fact that it is peace—or rather, truce—that he is seeking. He has never believed in anything in heaven or earth except bullying; and he has now reached a stage in which he has to believe in bluffing. It is native to him that his last expedient should be the most extreme use of threats, just as his last attempts at the conquest of Russia were only a more and more extreme form of the massed use and loss of men and munitions. It is the last hope of his whole philosophy and policy that when he is at his weakest he must be at his strongest. His first word in the world was a threat of punishment he had no right to inflict; his last word will be a threat of punishment he has no power to inflict. But the facts still point, as they pointed before, to the impossibility of German triumph if the war goes on—to the possibility of German triumph if it stops. Germany will call a halt if she can; and she will do it indirectly, through other voices which can exhibit her as a victim, even while she exhibits herself as a victor. Against those attempts it is still necessary for us to be upon our guard. But in one respect at least we have really to thank the German Chancellor and all Germans who talk after his fashion. It will be considerably more

difficult now for English Pacifists to be Pacifists and still pretend to be English. Anybody who proposes to-day that we should open negotiations with the enemy will be proposing not the necessity of yielding to a real triumph, but the ignominy of yielding to a sham one. He will be proposing that we should order ourselves lowly to something that is insolent in manner, if not in matter. There can be no further pretence of giving up the laurel to gain the olive, but only to accept the leek.

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A GREAT LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: THE LATE LORD ALVERSTONE.

There passed away on December 15, in Lord Alverstone, a great lawyer, a great Judge, and a fine man. Sir Richard Everard Webster, first Viscount Alverstone, was born on December 22, 1842, second son of Thomas Webster, a distinguished "silk" of his day. He was educated at King's College School, at Charterhouse, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Called to the Bar in 1868, he joined the South Eastern Circuit. He made an almost immediate success, and progressed in his profession with exceptional speed. He became M.P. for Launceston in 1885; and was M.P. for the Isle of Wight from 1885 until 1900. He was Attorney-General, 1885-86, 1886-1892, and 1895-1900. In 1900 he became Master of the Rolls; and in the same year Lord Chief Justice of England, a position he held until 1913. In 1872, he married Louisa, only daughter of William Calthrop, of Withern, Lincolnshire (died 1877).—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

a manner impersonal; our hatred is our honour." There would have been very real greatness in saying, "You have only begun to know Germany, for we also have only just begun to know her. You will find that war with the Germans is something new, and different from war with the German Emperor. You say that we were sometimes weakly proud when we were conquerors; you have yet to learn how unconquerable we can be when we are conquered. For of us also the earth is mother and our name is Antæus; and if we have been late in learning humility, we have



## THE MOST WELCOME MAIL: THE CHRISTMAS POST AT SEA.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



CHRISTMASTIDE WITH THE GRAND FLEET: A CRUISER, FLYING THE PENNANT OF THE ROYAL MAIL, DELIVERING LETTERS AND PACKETS TO THE WAR-SHIPS.

As those at home at Christmastide listen eagerly for the step and the rat-tat of the postman, so the sailors of the Grand Fleet keep the sharpest of look-outs for the first sight of a certain ship as Christmas Day draws near and the delivery of the Christmas post becomes due. The eyes of the men afloat, of all ranks and ratings, watch with undisguised keenness to catch the first glimpse afar of the vessel that brings the Christmas

post-bags with letters and parcels from home, readily known by her flying at the mast-head the pennant of the "Royal Mail." It is a flag which bears the two magic words "Royal Mail," inscribed on either side of a post-horn surmounted by the Crown, as shown in the upper left-hand corner of the illustration. Never could she bear a more welcome mail than in this history-making year.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



# THE HEROISM OF SERBIA'S AGED MONARCH: KING PETER RIDING BACK TO HIS CAR AFTER WATCHING A BATTLE.



LIKE KING ALBERT, DRIVEN FROM HIS KINGDOM BY THE INVADER, AND SHARING THE HARDSHIPS OF HIS ARMY: KING PETER OF SERBIA (ON HORSEBACK) LEAVING THE FIELD AFTER AN ACTION DURING THE SERBIAN RETREAT—A PHOTOGRAPH "POSTED" BY AEROPLANE.

All through the war King Peter of Serbia has shown a fine spirit of patriotism and a splendid example to his troops. Once, when urged to seek refuge in Italy, he is reported to have said: "My place is with the Army, and I must stay to the end." In spite of his age and infirmities—he is seventy-one—King Peter has heroically kept to that resolve, and during the recent retreat of the Serbian armies before the enemy's overwhelming forces, he has remained to encourage by his presence the stubborn resistance of his men. In the above photograph he is the mounted figure on the right, his horse being led by a Serbian soldier, and he is on his way back to his motor-car after watching one of the many gallant rearguard actions which the Serbians fought as they retreated inch by inch towards the west. The photograph is one of several taken by an officer of King Peter's staff who was with him throughout the tragic weeks of the retreat. The King and his staff eventually reached Scutari, and other means of communication with the outside world being difficult, the photographs were sent to Durazzo by aeroplane en route for London. On December 19 it was stated that he was at Tirana, in Albania, and refused to leave, saying that he preferred to die within

sight of his kingdom. During the retreat he did part of the journey on foot, and for a time, it was reported, was carried on a stretcher. It was also said that the King on one occasion took a rifle and went into the trenches with the soldiers, disregarding all advice to look after his personal safety. He was then with the Serbian Third Army under General Sturin. There is a remarkable parallel between the fate of Serbia and the fate of Belgium. Each is a small kingdom overrun by the ruthless invader, and each possesses a King who inspires and represents the indomitable spirit of his people. All will hope that King Peter, like King Albert, may live to see the day of restoration, and may return in triumph to his capital. It may be added that the Serbian Press Bureau recently stated, regarding the "improbable" numbers of Serbian prisoners claimed by the enemy, that the Bulgarians have, like the Germans and Austrians, included in the total the number of civilian captives. It was also pointed out that the Serbians, in retreating, destroyed or rendered useless all guns, rifles, ammunition, and motor-cars that had to be abandoned.







## DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALBY, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, BACON, MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, AND SPRAIGHT.

CAPTAIN E. HAIN,  
DEVON YEOMANRY.LIEUT. J. M. M. MARSHALL,  
ESSEX REGT.2ND LIEUT. A. MELLO,  
LONDON SCOTTISH.2ND LIEUT. W. W. BALL,  
YORKSHIRE REGT.LIEUT. A. ANSON,  
GRENADEIR GUARDS.LIEUT. R. H. HUTCHINSON,  
BLACK WATCH.LIEUT.-COL. C. C. JACKSON,  
103RD MAHRATTA L.I.2ND LIEUT. NORRIS RIPPON,  
D. OF WELLINGTON'S REGT.2ND LIEUT. W. M. PORRITT,  
S. LANCASHIRE REGT.CAPTAIN H. S. SCORER,  
LINCOLNSHIRE REGT.CAPTAIN C. G. BOND,  
WILTSHIRE REGT.CAPTAIN C. A. COOKE,  
R. W. SURREY RIFLES.LIEUT. H. B. L. HINDE,  
SOMERSET L.I.LIEUT. J. D. G. MILLER,  
BLACK WATCH.2ND LT. R. W. PHILLIPPS,  
GRENADEIR GUARDS.CAPTAIN G. BARONS NORTHCOTE,  
NORFOLK REGT.CAPTAIN H. A. RIDGWAY,  
N. STAFFORDSHIRE REGT.2ND LIEUT. T. G. PARKIN,  
LINCOLNSHIRE REGT.

2nd Lieut. Arnold Mello was the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. E. Mello, of Rosebank, Sidley, Bexhill-on-Sea, and after training in Paris had embarked on an artistic career of great promise. Lieut. Arthur Anson was the son of the Hon. Frederic Anson, brother of the Earl of Lichfield. He was only nineteen. His twin brother, Lieut. Frederic Anson, who is also in the Grenadier Guards, was wounded in September. Lieut. R. H. Hutchinson was a Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. 2nd Lieut. Norris Rippon was the younger brother of Capt. R. Rippon, of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, who is at present home from the front on sick leave. Capt. H. S. Scorer, who was killed at the taking of the Hohenzollern Redoubt, was the son of Mr. J. N. Scorer, of East Kirkby

House, Spilsby. 2nd Lieut. William Murray Porritt, who was killed in the advance on Loos, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles James Porritt. Mr. Porritt is a Justice of the Peace for the County of Lancaster. 2nd Lieut. Reginald William Philipps was in the Grenadier Guards. He was the only son of Mr. W. Philipps, of Berwick House, Shrewsbury. Capt. George Barons Northcote was the only son of the late Mr. George Barons Northcote and Mrs. Northcote, of Manor House, Cove, Hants, and Somerset Court, Brent Knoll, Somerset. He had been in nearly the whole of the hard fighting in the Bagdad Expedition, and was in the actions and battles of Shat-el-Arab, Basra, Kurna, Shaibah, Barjisayah, Amara, Nasiriyah, Kut-el-Amara, and Ctesiphon.



## SCIENCE &amp; NATURAL HISTORY.



A SELLER OF PARTS FOR THE FACE AND OF DRUGS. — AN INFANT ALCHEMIST OF THE 14TH CENTURY.



THE SUPERSTITION OF RUDOLF II, RULER OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE: THE EMPEROR CONSULTING HIS ALCHEMIST (16TH CENTURY).



THE HOUSE NONE DARED PASS WITHOUT CROSSING THEMSELVES: THE HOME OF NICHOLAS FLEAMEL (1350-1418).

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE this year, as last, must be regarded as a children's festival; and, as a consequence, the mistletoe bough still remains among us in a state of suspended animation. This being so, there is all the more reason why its delightful memories should be kept hovering about its appointed places. In these matter-of-fact days we are in danger of losing touch with the mystic character which the mistletoe possessed for our forefathers. We are apt to forget that the mistletoe has held an honoured place among us for more than three thousand years. There is nothing in the general appearance of the plant which will account for so deep a hold on our national sentiment, but this can, perhaps, be accounted for when its curious habit of growth is considered. In those prehistoric days men were, of necessity as much as from choice, close observers of Nature, though their powers of interpreting what they saw were still but imperfectly developed. They could not fail to be struck with the fact that, while other plants grew of themselves out of the ground, this was never so of the mistletoe. Instead, it was always firmly rooted in the branches of trees—black poplar, apple, pear, whitethorn, almond, ash, lime, willow, conifers, and oak. That trees so widely different should all be capable of producing the mistletoe must have puzzled them sorely.

The oak, among the ancient Druids, was always held sacred. Many of their rites were performed in oak-groves. Since they noticed that only rarely did the mistletoe appear on this sacred tree, they regarded the plant of such a parent with peculiar reverence. It was cut on New Year's Day with much pomp and ceremony. The Arch-Druid, clothed in white, ascended the tree and cut the mystic boughs with a golden knife, dropping them into the outstretched robe of another officiating priest. The branches were then distributed to the waiting crowds, on whom they conferred the gift of fertility. It was supposed to possess, besides, great healing powers; and, further, to impart the power to see ghosts—for which purpose it was probably not greatly in demand. By a later tradition, which grew up in ignorance of the usages of the past, the mistletoe furnished the wood for the Cross. To the time of the Crucifixion, it was held, it had been one of the trees of the forest,

but henceforth it was condemned to exist only as a parasite. Hence the refusal to admit the mistletoe into our churches.

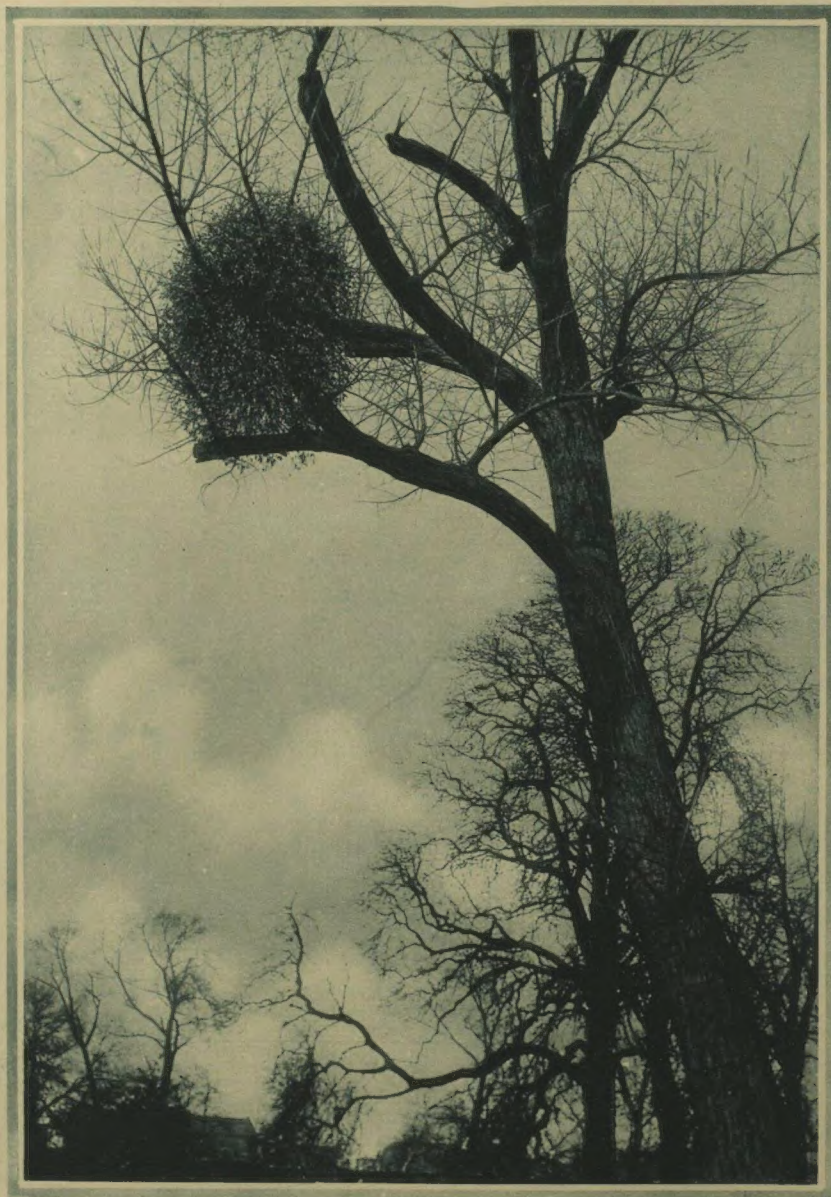
A more intimate knowledge of the history of the mistletoe has enhanced its interest for us. How it acquired its parasitic habit no man can say, but we know that it owes its continued existence to the good offices of birds. The mistle(thistle)-thrush is prominently to the fore in this, being especially

through the body unharmed, and are liberated with the excrement. This, being semi-fluid, runs down, or rather, across, the branch, till at last the seed comes to rest on the side thereof, and, lodging in a crevice of the bark, in due time germinates. As the plant increases in vigour, it sends rootlets along the branch, which sooner or later form buds and break through, to form another plant by vegetative reproduction. Where apple-trees are badly infested their owners often seek to clear them by pulling off the plant. But these rootlets being left under the bark, a dozen plants soon appear to take the place of the dispossessed. Thus one is reminded of the tactics of the fishermen who pull starfishes in pieces and throw the fragments overboard, unconscious of the fact that each severed arm will form a new enemy.

One can understand why the mistletoe will not grow upon certain trees, but it is less easy to understand why it has failed to establish itself either in the North of England or in Scotland, more especially since it will live when artificially planted there.

Our mistletoe (*Viscum album*) has a host of relations. One of these, the dwarf juniper-mistletoe (*Viscum oxycedrum*), which lives on the red-berried juniper of the Mediterranean area, is leafless and bears blue berries. The full-grown plant does not exceed a height of two inches. Another is *Loranthus europaeus*, which lives on oak and chestnut trees in east and south Europe. This has yellow berries, and grows to a large size. Moreover, it causes extraordinary excrescences of the bark of the host-tree around the stem of the parasite. Some of the tropical species of *Loranthus*, found in Africa, Asia, and Central America, are among the most gorgeous of flowering plants, bearing blooms measuring as much as eight inches in diameter and of the most vivid purple and orange hues. Some species are so large that they appear like trees grafted upon other trees. Some, again, are parasitic upon one another. But none of these have won the place in the affections of the human race which are held by the mistletoe. Few, probably, of those who hang up a bough of mistletoe at Christmas-tide for the sake of the harmless pleasantry to which it will give rise realise that these pale-green twigs and white berries are a link with a past in our history extending back three thousand years. Neither do they realise that it is with the New Year, rather than with Christmas festivities, that its rôle begins. But so it is.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



A CHRISTMAS PLANT LINKED WITH OUR HISTORY 3000 YEARS AGO: MISTLETOE GROWING ON A TREE.

"Few, probably, of those who hang up a bough of mistletoe at Christmas-tide . . . realise that these pale-green twigs and white berries are a link with a past in our history, extending back three thousand years."

fond of the luscious white berries. Being enclosed within a very sticky pulp, some of the seeds cling to the beak, and are rubbed off on to the bark of the branch of the first tree the bird alights on after a feast. More commonly the seeds pass

twigs and white berries are a link with a past in our history extending back three thousand years. Neither do they realise that it is with the New Year, rather than with Christmas festivities, that its rôle begins. But so it is.



## CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT: WHERE AN OFFICER WILL SPEND IT.

DRAWING BY A BRITISH OFFICER ON ACTIVE SERVICE.



A HOME IN THE FIRING-LINE: AN OFFICER'S DUG-OUT IN FRANCE.

The thoughts of millions of British men, women, and children will turn to-day to where men who are dear to them are spending their Christmas Day, perhaps in many cases for the first time away from home, and in the stern conditions inseparable from war. But we may be sure that our officers and "Tommies" will make the best of things, for that is the British soldier's way. Their thoughts will be at home, but, as they glance round the trench, the billet, or the dug-out which has to take the place this year of the bright, cheery room, and all "the

old, familiar faces," they will know that they are not forgotten. The drawing which we give is the work of an officer in France, whose dug-out was recently the scene of an exciting experience. It is cut out of the chalk, eight feet underground. Half-an-hour after the drawing was finished, a 6-inch shell landed on the roof, smashing a portion of it. The officer was in the dug-out, but was not hurt. The night was spent in rebuilding the roof against further attack—and making it stronger than it was before!—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# A DRAWING FROM THE FRONT: A TRAIN-LOAD OF

A FACSIMILE DRAWING BY A

# HAPPY BRITISH SOLDIERS ON CHRISTMAS LEAVE.

BRITISH NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.



## LEAVING A BASE STATION IN FRANCE TO SPEND CHRISTMAS AT HOME: BRITISH

This remarkably good drawing by a British non-commissioned officer is interesting both as evidence of artistic talent in our Army, and as a first-hand record of a typical scene of recent occurrence among our troops in France. We have on one or two occasions illustrated the arrival or departure of soldiers' trains at the great London termini, with the meetings or partings

DRAWING COPYRIGHTED IN THE

## OFFICERS AND MEN ENTRAINED AND ENTRAINING FROM THE DEPARTURE PLATFORM.

associated with such occasions. Here the feminine element is not that of domestic relationship, but of the interested onlooker, in one case, apparently, both admired and admiring. It will be noted that some of the men are quite content to travel in what is partly, at any rate, a horse-truck, marked "16 chevaux. 32 hommes." The horses, however, have been crowded out!

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



# THE POPE AND THE POWERS.

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

THE bearings of the Papacy on the political well-being of Europe and the world is a theme to which millions of Roman Catholics among both groups of belligerents are now busily seeking to impart a practical aspect. Many of these men account the spiritual power—wielded with greater directness and effect since the Pontiff lost his temporal dominions—of greater value in the remodelling of human society than the armies of Germany or the political theories of the Entente. The dynamic force of spiritual ideas on the new heaven of life which we are all beginning vaguely to feel will, they believe, be superlatively far-ranging. For the tides of thought and passion, and therefore all the higher movements of the race, may, up to a certain point, become amenable to the immense force of attraction and repulsion stored up in the centre of the Christian world. And the influence of such a higher Power is sorely needed. For never before was the chaotic welter of political and social organisms so bewildering; never was moral exhaustion so complete. The spectacle of the ruins of secular institutions, of contempt for cherished convictions, of rebellion against law, and of the emergence of antinomian ideals, has broken the mainspring of many robust minds.

Now, the primary object of the Papacy and its champions is to contribute to evolve order and law from that matted tangle of over-civilisation and degeneracy, by associating ideas of religion with certain of the ideas born of the new age. It is a noble aim, but of difficult attainment. The means by which they hope to achieve it is an accord between the Roman Pontiff and the rebuilders of the political fabric of Europe. His grievances are first to be remedied, his claims to be allowed, and then he will see that the needs of humanity are also satisfied.

Those two objects, the raising of the Pope's international status and the rearrangement of the European equilibrium, formed the topics of his allocution to the Cardinals at the recent Consistory (Dec. 6, 1915). At the first blush, those questions may seem of no deep concern, because practically inapplicable. But when we bear in mind that the concrete scheme woven in the Vatican can count in every country on the support of a compact group of politicians, and in some States on furtherance by the Governments, the issues will gain in depth, and the discussion in interest.

The hope of recovering the Papal States—a Nessus shirt to the last Sovereign Pontiffs who exercised it—has visibly slackened its hold on the successors of Pius IX., but only to persist in another and less unpractical form. Pope Benedict XV., whose generous ambition seems disproportioned to his means of gratifying it, would appear to cherish the hope of internationalising the legal guarantees with which the Kingdom of Italy has hedged round his spiritual independence and assured his ecclesiastical sovereignty. Those guarantees depend on the Italian Government, which has heretofore generously interpreted and loyally observed them. But it is conceivable that a Cabinet might one day be formed which would restrict or twist or abolish them. And now that social and political revolutions bid fair to follow the Great War, this apprehension is more real than ever. In the interests of humanity, therefore, as well as of the Papacy, the sooner the reform is effected the better. Champions of the Holy See treat this idea as one of the ovarian eggs of that new civilisation which will emerge from the present cataclysm; and to see that it is properly hatched is one of their main cares. The Pope complains that even now the system of single guarantees has broken down, inasmuch as it has led to the departure from Rome of the diplomatic representatives of the Central Empires, whose co-operation with him is of moment to the good government of the Church. Moreover, their absence lends colour to the offensive allegation that his Holiness is swayed in his judgments on the war by the suggestions of the Entente diplomatists who alone can make their voices heard in the Vatican.

To the first of these statements the Italian Government has replied that the Austrian and German representatives were free to remain in Rome, where they would have enjoyed the same privileges and been treated with the same consideration as before. Formally this may be true; but it cannot be denied that their ciphered despatches would not have been transmitted unless the Pope himself guaranteed their harmlessness. And it would have been impossible for him to accept the responsibility, and for the diplomatists to submit to the humiliation, involved in this procedure. But, on the other hand, the Pope's contention is valueless as an argument. For the cause of the hardship complained of is the European War, not his dependence on the Italian Government. Even if he were the ruler of an independent State carved out of Italian territory, the ciphered despatches of German and Austrian diplomatists would be stopped by the Government of

trator—Bismarck, who had no affection for Catholicism, once did so—and mankind will be forthwith relieved. Each side will abate something of its demands, Europe will be freed from a horrible nightmare, and the spiritual power that restored calm to humanity will continue to uphold it. In this way the world-problem and the Papal question will have been worked out to a satisfactory issue.

It may be questioned whether the linking together in the allocation of these two disparate interests was tactically wise. Either could have been furthered by itself. The Pope might, for example, have claimed the office of arbitrator on the ground that he himself has no designs to which the help of either side is essential—that he stands above them all, a disinterested outsider. But once he puts his own interest forward and asks to have the two promoted at the same time, he lays his case open to grave suspicion.

Nor is that the only objection. Both schemes, concerning the Papal status and the conclusion of a peace which shall be undeniably "just," appeal to only one of the contending groups. The Entente Powers deem both proposals inopportune. To put a stop to the struggle at the present juncture would be, they hold, not to end hostilities, but to prolong them indefinitely. And the consequences to humanity would be baleful, not advantageous, so that the cause which the Pope has at heart would be defeated, not furthered, by his premature action.

The Central Empires, on the contrary, would welcome peace at the present moment as a godsend. It is their fervid desire to get their adversaries to discuss terms. To this they are bending every effort. This is natural, and the reason is self-evident. For they occupy vast tracts of Entente territory—much more, it is calculated, than they are likely to hold until next May—and they would fain use it as an object of barter before they lose any part of it. They are also minded to help the Pope to obtain such international guarantees for his sovereignty as would render Italy's status unbearable.

The internationalisation of the Pope's politico-ecclesiastical independence is not exactly a chimera. It is feasible. But one condition of its realisation is, either that the Pontiff should quit Rome and remove the headquarters of the Papacy elsewhere, or that Italy should be dismembered. And as everybody in the Vatican scouts the former notion, it has been assumed that the hypothesis of Italy's impending disruption as a consequence of the war is being seriously entertained, and prepared for.

Italy could not consent to have her independence sapped into by an international guarantee to a second Sovereign resident on her soil. Hence the Pontiff's desire can never be realised by diplomatic methods. It is fair, however, to add that the allocution bears witness to the good intentions of King Victor's Ministers, and shows that the Vatican appreciates the spirit in which the Guarantee Laws are being administered. And, on the other hand, the King's Government is pleased to note the moderation that marks the concrete political action of the Pontiff towards the Italian nation, and has embodied its recognition in courteous acts. None the less, it has been pointed

out with truth that the words of the allocution in which the intolerable position of the Pope during the war is described and lamented, offer a striking resemblance to the passage on the same subject which appeared in an alleged interview of a "Neutral" with the Pope. The authenticity of the interview, which is impregnated with Germanophile sentiments, was denied by the Vatican; but the substantial identity of views and the remarkable similarity of expressions in the two documents remain. And the Pope's judgment and exhortation are grist to the mills of the Teutons and their friends. His proposed peace is exactly what they desire, and what the Entente Powers and their Allies are resolved to reject in the name of the same ideals which he invokes.



HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

The Pope is sixty-one, and was raised to the Cardinalate as recently as 1914. For many years he was the fellow-worker of Pope Leo XIII. and Cardinal Rampolla.—[Photograph by Stanley's Press Agency.]

King Victor Emanuel on grounds which no Power could call in question.

Closely interwoven with this main theme of the allocution was the exhortation to the belligerent nations to end the war without further delay and through the instrumentality of the Holy See, which is qualified and ready to arbitrate between them. Not force, nor the results already achieved by force, would guide the umpire in his arbitrament. What he and they should aim at is "peace, just, lasting, and profitable not only to one of the belligerents," but to all. Only in a spirit of compromise prompted by submission to that highest spiritual force of which the Pope is the centre and dispenser, can the feat be accomplished. Make the Head of the Church arbi-



## THE DAILY TRIBUTE TO THE COMRADE WHO HAS GONE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



AT A HERO'S RESTING-PLACE IN THE FIRING-LINE: A FRENCH SOLDIER PUTTING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVE  
OF A COMRADE BURIED IN THE TRENCH-PARAPET.

Association in the perils of war binds close the ties of friendship, and those who fall are not forgotten by their comrades. Whenever possible, their graves are carefully tended, though it is not often that they are so accessible as in this case, where the

French soldier's dead comrade lies in the actual parapet of the trenches. Every day a comrade, picking wild-flowers from the crest of the trenches, sets them by the cross in memory of the dead.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]





## TO FRANCE—CHIVALROUS ENEMY AND STEADFAST FRIEND.

*"PROVED BEYOND THE NEED OF PROOF, MATCHED IN EVERY CLIME, O COMPANION, WE HAVE LIVED GREATLY THROUGH ALL TIME!"*

"We were schooled for dear life's sake, to know each other's blade.  
What can blood and iron make more than we have made?  
We have learned by keenest use to know each other's mind.  
What shall blood and iron loose that we cannot bind?"

We who swept each other's coast, sacked each other's home,  
Since the sword of Brennus clashed on the scales at Rome,  
Listen, count and close again, wheeling girth to girth,  
In the linked and steadfast guard set for peace on earth!" RUDYARD KIPLING

VERSE FROM MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S "FRANCE," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR. PAINTING BY A. C. MICHAEL. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)



## FOR GERMANS TO DRIVE NAILS INTO! ENEMY WAR MEMORIALS—AND CONGO CASES OF NAILING.

WITH regard to the German statues and other monuments here illustrated, the following is an extract, translated, from the article accompanying them in the paper from which they are taken: "Various forms of war memorials have been erected in Germany during the present war—mostly for the purpose of war-charities, money being paid for permission to hammer nails into them. We here give various

(Continued in No. 7.)



"GERMANY WAS NEVER DEFEATED WHEN UNITED": THE "IRON" OAK AT HALLE.



BIELEFELD'S WAR MEMORIAL: A STATUE OF A GERMAN SOLDIER IN FIELD-GRAY—FOR NAILING.



STUTTGART'S "OWN PARTICULAR HERO": THE STATUE OF THE BRAVE SWABIAN.

THE adjoining illustration shows a wooden idol, from the region north of the Lower Congo (Chiloango River), now in the British Museum. This figure simply bristles with iron nails and knife-blades driven into it by worshippers. The idol is known as Mangaka, and its aid is sought by men who have suffered from theft, accident, sickness, or misfortune. The victim, on payment of a fee, is permitted to drive a nail or knife-blade into the figure. This is to call the attention of the supernatural power, which the image represents, to the sad case of the worshipper, who believes that his trouble will soon be alleviated, and that divine vengeance will strike the enemy. Indeed, the miscreant can only escape supernatural punishment by paying the priest a still higher fee to extract the nail, and so, as it were, to withdraw the summons."

statues and other memorials which are in various towns in Germany—erected during the present war. The custom of hammering nails is an old one. In the Middle Ages workmen's apprentices used to stick nails into walls, statues in the market-places, etc., doubtless just to show their friends they had passed there. This custom, but for charitable



WITH NAILS AND KNIVES DRIVEN INTO IT LIKE BERLIN'S HINDENBURG: AN IDOL FROM THE CONGO.



A GERMAN SUBMARINE WAR MONUMENT: THE "U" BOAT MODEL AT HÖRNUM, ISLE OF SYLT, WITH A BRITISH SEA-MINE AS BASE.

purposes, has been revived, and each town has chosen its particular hero to make a greater appeal to the inhabitants. So Stuttgart has the brave Schwabe who fears not; Dortmund, the Iron Reinhold; Hamburg, the Iron Michael; Bielefeld and Leipzig each its warrior. The other small towns have erected statues which most appeal to

(Continued in No. 6.)



LEIPZIG'S "OWN PARTICULAR HERO": THE MONUMENT OF A GERMAN WARRIOR.

THE figure shown in the adjoining photograph, now in the Royal Geographical Society's Museum, is thus described in the "Geographical Journal": "The subject is a Fetish taken on the Congo in 1865, when the boats of H.M.S. 'Archer' . . . were engaged against the river pirates. . . . The figure is of wood. . . . A number of heavy iron nails have been driven into its body. The practice of knocking in nails has . . . two aspects. . . . A worshipper, desirous of obtaining some favour, pays a fetish-man a fee and is allowed to drive a nail into the figure while uttering his petition. . . . The other is in connection with unauthorised 'black magic.' . . . The votary wishing to harm an enemy pays a heavy fee to the fetish-man to let him drive a nail. It is believed that the victim will fall sick and die in consequence."

DOTTED WITH NAILS IN THE APPROVED GERMAN MANNER: A FETISH FROM THE CONGO.



GERMANY'S MOST POPULAR WAR DECORATION AS A MONUMENT: A COLOSSAL IRON CROSS THAT HAS BEEN ERECTED AT DARMSTADT.



them. The North Sea island of Sylt has erected the representation of a 'U' boat, and nearly everything it is made of comes from the sea: the foundations are of oak; the English sea-mine which forms the base, the support of wood to which it is anchored—all were picked up on the sea-shore. This 'U' boat, when 'nailed,' will become a real iron boat. Darmstadt has erected a large Iron Cross of 1914; Halle (Westphalia), an oak-tree; Frankfurt-on-Main, a monstrous eagle."



GERMANY'S EMBLEMATIC BIRD OF PREY: THE "IRON" EAGLE AT FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN.



A GERMAN COUNTERPART OF WEST AFRICAN NAIL-DRIVING FETISH-WORSHIP: HINDENBURG, BERLIN.

Considerable comment has been aroused by the craze in Germany for driving nails into large wooden statues of popular heroes, such as Hindenburg at Berlin, and von Tirpitz at Wilhelmshaven—a privilege which can be exercised by all and sundry on payment of a small fee. "The inner meaning of this strange performance," writes a correspondent, "and the nature of the satisfaction derived by the operator, are a trifle obscure. We can hardly see in the new custom a revival of the magical practices of an earlier date, when, to the accompaniment of appropriate incantations, wicker figures were stuck with pins and otherwise maltreated; for in the latter case it was believed that bodily harm was caused to the individual whom the elfy represented. A possible key to the riddle, however, is furnished by a wooden idol in the British Museum" (the left one of the two shown above). After

describing it, as above, he continues: "This seems to fit the German case; the nails in the Hindenburg statue must be intended as appeals to the national hero to avenge the wrongs of his fellow-countrymen on their hated foes. No doubt the intention is not explicit in the German mind, but rather subconscious. German psychology would seem to be just evolving an idea which the more advanced natives of West Africa had developed into a logical system many years ago, and German Kultur would appear to have a good chance of attaining eventually the same plane as the 'civilisation' of negroid Africa." With regard to the epithet "iron" applied to some of the German monuments, it does not appear to mean in these cases that they are made of iron (as it is applied in the German original to the wooden statue of Hindenburg), but that they have iron nails knocked into them.



## "A LIVING SNAKE WITH HEADS FOR SCALES": THE REFUGEES

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN FROM A SKETCH



### WHEN SOLDIERS' AND CIVILIANS SOUGHT SAFETY TOGETHER: THE RETREAT

"The whole road was a 'living snake with heads for scales'; it coiled across the plains, zigzagged up the mountains, and writhed down again into the valley. It was a strange sight, that valley, with the slow, muddy river flowing and the human stream. . . . Motor-cars lurching frantically in the deep mud ploughed through the human flood. There were bullock-carts, too, but they were slow." Thus a member of Dr. Berry's medical unit describes one of the scenes witnessed as the Serbian Army, accompanied by an enormous horde of villagers from all parts of the country, retreated, struggling on its way westward for the Montenegrin frontier along the road through the mountains. Our illustration reproduces the scene as an eye-witness saw it, at one point of the route. It shows a hustling throng of soldiers and peasants, with army wagons and bullock-carts intermingled, streaming along the winding, restricted roadway,



# AND SAILORS LEARNING TO WORK AND TO PLAY.

HIS SKETCHES MADE AT ST. DUNSTAN'S LODGE.



BLIND SOLDIERS ATTENDING THE ANATOMY CLASS AT THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND: MISS A. E. KEEN, INSTRUCTOR IN MASSAGE, GIVING LESSONS ON BONES, JOINTS, AND MUSCLES.

5. GARDENING WORK FOR THE BLIND: HOW A STRAIGHT LINE IS KEPT IN DIGGING.  
6. HOW THE BLINDED MEN FIND THEIR WAY ABOUT THE GROUNDS: USING THE GUIDE-RAILS.

7. RECREATION IN WHICH NURSES AND LADY VISITORS TAKE PART: BLINDED MEN DANCING IN THE BALL-ROOM.  
8. A GAME WHICH BLINDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS CAN ENJOY: PUSH-BALL AT ST. DUNSTAN'S.

Even the hardest blow that fate can deliver has succeeded in turning the British Tommy or Tar into a misanthrope, and you leave St. Dunstan's with your admiration for his pluck and spirit many thousand times increased." The conclusion of the article should be particularly noted. "For the after-care of our blinded men a special fund is being raised. To this fund contributions are most earnestly requested." The occupations taught at St. Dunstan's include poultry-keeping, gardening, carpentry, basket-making, telephone-operating, massage, type-writing, and reading and writing in Braille. For recreation, the men can enjoy such sports as rowing, swimming, and push-ball, while, indoors, there are concerts or other entertainments twice a week, and frequent dances, to which they can invite lady friends.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES.

(See Double-Page of Illustrations in this Issue.)

IN a corner of London's most beautiful park is a house where miracles are worked. Here are brought soldiers and sailors who have suffered almost the worst that war can bring—loss of sight. Here they are taught how, by the cultivation of other senses, to mitigate the dreadful handicap of blindness, and are prepared, by instruction in occupations open to the sightless, to be economically independent and as happy as possible in the maimed life before them. The place is strewn with tragedies, but the surroundings in no way suggest an abode of pain.

St. Dunstan's Lodge, a long, low, white house, stands in its own grounds of sixteen acres. Gardens and trees, undulating lawns, and a stretch of water—an arm of the lake in Regent's Park—all combine to suggest the depths of the country rather than the heart of the greatest city in the world. The villa, built by the third Marquess of Hertford (who was the original of Thackeray's Lord Steyne), has splendid reception-rooms that have been the scene of many a ball and banquet, revel and rout. To-day they are occupied by our stricken soldiers and sailors.

To the uninitiated, the hostel—tenanted as it is by more than a hundred sightless people, some of whom are only just learning to grope their way in their darkened kingdom—suggests the idea of sadness unspeakable. Dismiss from your mind, however, the notion that the house in Regent's Park is an abode of gloom. Things are all the other way. When you enter St. Dunstan's the first thing that strikes you is the spirit of cheerful activity that pervades the place. The men are contented and happy. You would never guess that the man who walked whistling across the hall as you came in had anything seriously wrong with him. If it were not that he pauses and carefully feels an intersecting strip of carpet with his foot before continuing on his way, you would not put him down as a "patient" at all. The good spirits are not merely a matter of make-believe. They are there all the way through. The workshop, the garden, the recreation-room, all yield their examples of men who have grasped the fact that helplessness is not the necessary accompaniment of blindness, and are busy translating their belief into action. With the same simplicity and absence of heroics that characterised their offer of themselves in their country's service, they now accept the consequences of their action, and are intent merely on doing cheerfully and to the best of their ability the only work their country has left for them to do. Not even the hardest blow that fate can deliver has succeeded in turning the British Tommy or Tar into a misanthrope, and you leave St. Dunstan's with your admiration for his pluck and spirit which this war has aroused many thousand times increased. It may be that the reason for his optimism is to be found in his surroundings. All his companions are, like himself, blind, or at any rate without useful sight—85 per cent. of the inmates are dark-blind. Then, again, his teachers are under the same disability. When a man with seeing eyes assures one without them that he will soon become proficient in some particular work he is about to begin, the latter may be excused for feeling sceptical. But when his teacher, blind like himself, can turn out a faultless piece of carpentry, or is an expert in poultry-keeping, the matter assumes a different complexion. But, whatever the cause, there is no doubt about the progress made by the men in the hostel, and about twenty of them have already started life afresh for themselves.

When I visited St. Dunstan's Lodge, work—which lasts from 9.30 to 12 and from 2.30 until 5—was in full swing. The first thing that struck me on entering was the long strip of matting that leads across the hall to the door opposite. Half-way across, another strip crosses it at right angles. These strips are a feature of the house. They are

the "paths" along which the blind walk as confidently as the ordinary man on the pavement. A cross-path indicates a turn, which can be detected at once, for the method is to walk with one foot on and the other off the matting. When the path ends, danger—a window or a door—is indicated. These paths run all over the house,



WHERE THE BLIND TEACH THE BLIND: CAPTAIN PIERSON WEBBER, A WELL-KNOWN POULTRY AND GARDENING EXPERT, SHOWING BLIND SOLDIERS HOW TO USE AN INCUBATOR.

the geography of which the men very quickly pick up. Outside the same plan is followed, except that lead takes the place of matting, and boards signal the presence of cross-paths, steps, and other obstacles. Along the narrower walks handrails are erected.

From the hall through the comfortably furnished lounge



LONDON'S HOSTEL FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS: ST. DUNSTAN'S LODGE, REGENT'S PARK, BUILT BY THACKERAY'S "LORD STEYNE" (THE THIRD MARQUESS OF HERTFORD).

we passed to the workshop. The pillars were padded to prevent the risk of bruises in case of a collision, and a score or so of busy men sang or whistled as they worked. Half-a-dozen were turning out chests, trays, tables, book-cases, and other things likely to command a ready sale. It was extraordinary to watch the confidence with which they set about the job, and the unhesitating use of first one and then another tool. With obvious pride the blind

instructor showed some shelves cut, planed, and trenched by a pupil of three days' standing just completing his first week at St. Dunstan's, and a tongue-and-groove joint fitted with a precision and skill that would have done credit to an expert workman gifted with sight. A group of cobblers were fitting stout soles and heels on boots with mathematical accuracy; others were engaged in weaving all kinds of baskets; and a maker of door-mats sang a ditty of overwhelming sentimentality as he passed his string back and forth or cut it to the required length, which he judged by passing the back of his hand along the finished portion.

Telephone-operating, poultry-keeping, and market-gardening are other subjects studied. The blind man learns to distinguish his birds by touch, and, when an incubator is used, to tell with his hands whether it is at the

proper temperature. For gardening operations the ordinary tools are employed; but a narrow board about six feet long, with large notches at the intervals of a foot and smaller ones at intervals of three inches, acts as a guide for spade or fork when digging, and enables the placing of plants at regular intervals and in a straight line. Those who prefer it use knotted string, which they feel with the back of their hand as they work. Sometimes poultry-farming is combined with market-gardening. Surrounding the chicken-house, which has a door in each of its four walls, are four wire enclosures, which are used in turn as "runs" or plots in which an orderly succession of crops can be grown.

Then there is a massage class, for massage, being largely a matter of touch, is peculiarly suited to the blind worker. First of all the pupil handles bones. He learns their names and those of the various joints and muscles connected with them. Next, details of anatomy are acquired from a complete skeleton; and, finally, the advanced student finishes his course at a hospital.

The training given at St. Dunstan's, however, is not confined to industrial pursuits. Every man learns to read and write on the Braille system, and to use an ordinary type-writing machine. When he has passed a certain test, he is entitled to a typewriter when he leaves the hostel. Braille shorthand is another accomplishment. It is done with a curious little machine with seven keys which punches the necessary combination of raised dots on to a paper "tape." The operator afterwards "reads" it with his fingers, and transcribes it with the help of an ordinary typewriting machine with amazing speed and accuracy. When we entered the class-room a number of lessons were going on. At one desk, his teacher by his side, a new pupil was slowly feeling his way through the Braille alphabet. At another, reading was in progress: the words came slowly and hesitatingly, but for a beginner it was pronounced a very creditable performance. A third was being initiated into the mysteries of a typewriter. Suddenly the air was filled with the roar of a tiger, quickly answered by the deep trumpeting note of an elephant. The impromptu "Cease fire" was the inspiration of a pupil with a gift for animal-imitation. It was twelve o'clock: it was Saturday—time to "down tools" for the week-end.

But it is not all work at St. Dunstan's. Opportunities are provided for rowing, swimming, pushball, and dancing; and twice a week, from 5.30 to 7, concerts and other entertainments, organised by friends of the hostel, are given and are much appreciated by the men.

There are just two other points to remember in connection with St. Dunstan's, which is maintained jointly by the British Red Cross Society, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, and the National Institute for the Blind, with some help from the Prince of Wales's Fund. In the first place, officers as well as men are provided for. The officers live at 21, Portland Place, kindly lent for the purpose, but take any instruction they wish at the hostel in Regent's Park. In the second, the members of the Blinded Soldiers and Sailors Care Committee, whose Chairman is Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, himself blind, desire to emphasise the importance of the after-care of the blinded soldier or sailor if he is to remain a useful member of the community.

The Council of the National Institute of the Blind are forming a branch for this purpose. The benefits will include the provision at cost-price of raw materials to workers, expert supervision of work, the purchase of well-made goods at retail price, and the securing as far as possible of continuous employment. For the after-care of our blinded men a special fund is being raised. To this fund contributions are most earnestly requested.



IN THE CARPENTRY WORKSHOP AT ST. DUNSTAN'S: BLINDED MEN WHO CAN TURN OUT BEAUTIFUL WORK.



A BLINDED ALLY LEARNING A TRADE THAT WILL MAKE HIM INDEPENDENT: A BELGIAN SOLDIER MAKING A BASKET AT ST. DUNSTAN'S.





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## MAN AND HIS ANCESTORS.

PROFESSOR ELLIOT is well qualified to write an account of primitive man, inasmuch as he has travelled apparently in Central Africa and South America, and brings to his task an equipment as a naturalist vouchsafed to few. The present book—"Prehistoric Man and His Story," by Professor G. F. Scott Elliot (Seeley, Service)—has evidently been for some time in preparation, for the author speaks in his Introduction of the "peacefully luxurious condition which prevails . . . in most of Europe and the United States"—a phrase which reads oddly at the present time. For the rest, the book is well and pleasantly written, with a commendable absence of unnecessary technicalities, and is more interesting than a good many novels.

Professor Elliot is particularly lucid as to what happened on the earth before the appearance of man. There were no mammals, he tells us, until the Eocene Age, when a great ocean of warm water stretched from the Pyrenees to Japan. The Alps were not, nor the Himalayas, while nearly all Egypt and most of Arabia and Persia were beneath the waves. Then appeared a "generalised sort of lemur-monkey-man," who probably lived on the shores of this ocean, nourishing himself with oysters and other shell-fish, together with the fruits and nuts gathered from the bushes and shrubs along the banks of rivers. He was not thickly spread, but made up for this by the width of his range, there being nothing to prevent his wandering from Bournemouth to the land of the Mikado, although Professor Elliot declines to define his southern limits. Then came in the grasses with the Miocene Age, and the appearance of grass-eating mammals, together with those dreaded carnivora which led man to specialise, to develop his brain for defensive purposes, and, perhaps, to make

the first tools in the shape of coliths. Then was the time of the great anthropoid apes, among whom Professor Elliot would distinguish *Homo simius precursor*, a gigantic animal who learned to stand up and throw stones when attacked by fiercer and stronger beasts. He slept in trees in a kind of rude hut or platform, and was succeeded, when the conditions of his life had changed by the uplifting of the continents, by *Pithecanthropus erectus*, whose remains

have been found in Java, and may possibly have been driven out of Europe into Asia by the cold of the First Ice Age. Professor Elliot seems to lean somewhat towards the opinion of Sergi, who will have it that South America was the

Guinea, and other parts, pointing out that the food of lemurs, of the anthropoid apes, and of the existing pygmy men is much alike, and consists of "fruits, small birds and eggs, honey, grubs, and insects," together with shell-fish when they can get it. By them it was that fire was discovered—he suggests by the accidental rubbing of one bamboo against another—and man became converted into a cooking animal, while he found put into his hand at once a means of supporting the succeeding Ice Ages, a defence against the stronger beasts, and a maker of instruments; and woman, as a tender of the fire, began to take her proper place as the angel of the hearth.

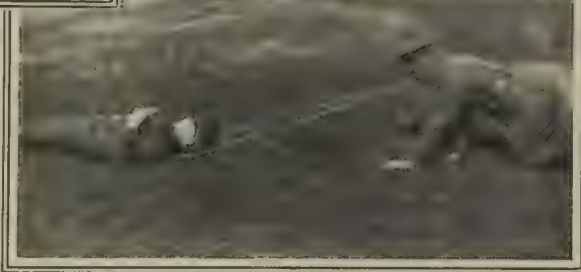
It would take up too much space to follow Professor Elliot further in his description of the succeeding stages of man's development as exemplified by the Piltdown skull—which he believes to be that of a woman—the Heidelberg Man, and so on. The Neanderthal Man, he of Cromagnon, the Negroid of the Riviera, and the Galley Hill specimen of our own land, all receive attention, and of them all Professor Elliot writes sensibly and temperately. In this extremely controversial field he leans to the opinions of James Geikie, Penck, Bruckner, and Sollas in geological

matters, as against those of M. Boule, the Abbé Breuil, and other French authorities; while in anthropological he inclines to those of Sir Ray Lankester, Dr. Smith Woodward, Professor Elliot Smith, and, again, Professor Sergi, rather than those of Professors Keith and Boyd Dawkins. He is always clear, and gives ample references to the authorities for his statements; although perhaps a closer acquaintance with the antiquities of Egypt and Western Asia might have lent point to some of his arguments. The book is admirably illustrated, and equipped with all necessary tables and other aids to understanding.



BOMB-THROWING TRAINING FOR THE NEW ARMY:  
A BOMB BURSTING AT HAND—GRENADE EXERCISE.

This snapshot of an exploding hand-grenade was taken on the training-ground of the 30th (R.) Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers. The corps forms a Reserve battalion of the Public Schools Brigade.



DRAWING A WOUNDED COMRADE TO SAFETY BY A CORD HELD IN THE TEETH:  
A BRITISH SOLDIER LEARNING DANGER-ZONE RESCUING.

There is no end to the ingenuity of device, both for man-killing and for life-saving purpose, that the war is producing. British soldiers are being taught to rescue wounded comrades in exposed places by towing them along the ground into the shelter of cover by means of a length of cord or belting held between the teeth—thus being exposed as little as possible.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

# URODONAL

## expels Uric Acid.

URIC ACID is a universal topic of conversation among sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis, Neuralgia, etc., etc., who accuse (not without reason) this poison of being the cause of all their troubles. The fact is, uric acid is held responsible for unlimited mischief, the extent of its influence in the causation of disease being equalled only by that of the various infective bacteria. Nevertheless, very few people are really acquainted with the nature of uric acid, whence it originates and how it operates, this being clearly apparent in view of the number of questions (some of which are absolutely weird) that are asked on the subject.

In order to enlighten the reader we will straightway give the following details in regard to uric acid:—

It is a salt (usually yellow or brick-red in colour) that crystallizes into rectangular tablets, which are so little soluble in water (a most important fact to remember) that no less than fifteen thousand times its weight of cold water, and eighteen times its weight of boiling water are required to dissolve them.

Uric acid, moreover, usually combines with alkaline substances, such as lime, soda, potassium, magnesium, which are normally present in the organism, thus forming urates, the crystals of which are no less insoluble than uric acid itself.

Uric acid was discovered and identified by Scheele, who extracted it from vesical calculi (stones in the bladder). This in itself is alarming enough, but still worse is the fact that the greater part of the countless experiments that have been made by medical experts with this agent, have been carried out by means of uric acid obtained from the excrements of birds or reptiles, in which it is present in large quantities!

Seeing that uric acid is insoluble, it cannot, therefore, be eliminated by the kidneys, except in very small quantities. The surplus is thus retained in the kidneys, causing obstruction and deterioration of these organs, or else it flows back into the blood, causing chronic poisoning. For the blood carries these small crystals into the circulation, and deposits them in the joints, which become stiff and numb, or in the pores of the skin, which breaks out into eruptions, or again, in the walls of the blood-vessels, which become shrunken, in the muscles, which become clogged with sand, in the bladder and even in the tissues of the internal organs, including the heart. Thus it can be said that uric acid is the chief factor not only in rheumatism, gout and other arthritic complaints, but also in diabetes, dermatosis, a large number of cases of migraine, neuralgia, arterio-sclerosis, and premature old age.

Excess of uric acid (the normal quantity of which should not exceed 15 grains on an average) usually occurs as a result of surfeit of rich food containing large quantities of albumen, such as meat, game, internal organs of animals, rich cheese, chocolate, etc., and heavy wines. Nevertheless, in order to prevent excess of uric acid it is not sufficient to follow a strict diet, as, unfortunately, among the innumerable sufferers from uric acid poisoning, there are many who lead a very frugal life, are vegetarians or teetotallers, etc. The fact is that excess of uric acid can quite well occur as a result of the breaking-up of the tissues of the organism, which happens in all cases of slackened nutrition.

The only really effective method of preventing excess of uric acid is to take regular courses of URODONAL, which dissolves the poison as easily as hot water dissolves sugar.

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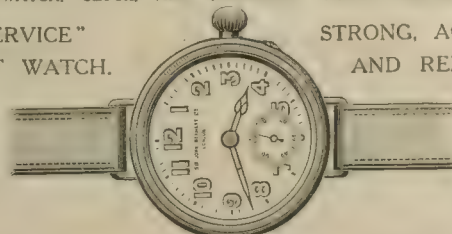
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## SIR SIDNEY LEE'S "SHAKESPEARE."

EXPANDED till it is more than half as large again as it was seventeen years ago, Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare" (Smith, Elder) may virtually be reckoned a new book, and makes a solid enough reply to the complaints of those cranks who assure us that our information about the poet is sadly limited. As everyone is aware who has kept any watch on recent research, even within the last decade or two considerable additions have been made to our knowledge of the man's circumstances, and there seems no reason why the Record Office should not provide us with further discoveries. We have learned more as to Shakespeare's litigiousness: we can visit the site of certain lodgings of his in the City, and read his testimony about the Huguenot family with which he boarded; we now possess details as to his appearances as "Groom of the Chamber," and as to the value of such theatrical shares as he owned. The revision Sir Sidney Lee has undertaken of his biography has enabled him to incorporate material of this sort along with data his own studies have brought him, as well as silently to correct former statements of his which were not, perhaps, sufficiently guarded. With the result that we have from him the most authentic and exhaustive account of whatever is known about Shakespeare that we are ever likely to get from modern scholarship. Years of reading and critical experience have gone to the perfecting of this work, and helped to make it what can be called without the smallest exaggeration—a treasure-house of news, a monument of learning. The book, however, continues to have the defect of its virtue, and readers with any wisdom or gratitude will not grumble because the author's patient and masterly arrangement of detail is not combined with the born historian's gifts of imagination and eloquence. To the enthusiasts who care little about the events of Shakespeare's life and much about his art and its adequate interpretation, it will still doubtless appear that the biographer's comments on the plays are perfunctory, if not tame; and the only advice that can be given them is to turn elsewhere—to the pages of Lamb or Coleridge or Swinburne. This volume is not for them. But less exacting folk, who are curious as to what has been ascertained about the sort of education the poet must have had, about the treatment he and his drama obtained from James I., about his connections with Stratford, to mention but a few points, will find all the information it has been possible to

gather carefully digested and co-ordinated. As an example may be quoted—without, however, those references to authorities on which every sentence is based—the passages in which Sir Sidney Lee estimates Shakespeare's income—

A player of the highest rank enjoyed in London in the generation following the dramatist's death an annual stipend of £150. Shakespeare's emoluments as an actor, whether in London or the province, are not likely to have fallen before 1599 below £100. Very substantial remuneration was also received by his company for performances at Court or in noblemen's houses. Thus a sum approaching £150 (equal to £750 of to-day) would be the poet's average annual income before 1599. . . . Probably as "housekeeper" or part-proprietor of the Blackfriars and Globe Play-houses Shakespeare received, while the two were in active work, an aggregate yearly sum of £300. Earlier sources of income remained open to him, and yielded richer returns than before. His remuneration as both actor and dramatist between 1599 and 1611 was on the upward grade. Actor-shareholders were allowed to take apprentices with whom they received premiums. The value of the author's "benefits" grew conspicuously. Additional payments on an enhanced scale were made, too, for revisions of old dramas on their revival. . . . Thus Shakespeare during fourteen or fifteen years of the later period of his life must have been earning at the theatre a sum well exceeding £700 a year in money of the time.

At the same time, the scholar who knows what diligence may be involved in the preparation of a single footnote will still contemplate with envious admiration those famous chapters on the Sonnets in which the comparative method of criticism as employed by Sir Sidney Lee makes havoc of so many fond legends and theories. The labour that has gone to the collecting of the parallels there set out must have been enormous, but then how effective their parade!

The task of editing "Debrett" for 1916 must have been onerous and often distressing, for the havoc of war has been lamentably large in the ranks of the great families with which "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage" (Dean and Son, Ltd.; 31s. 6d.) deals so fully and so authoritatively. With good taste and sound judgment, a special "Roll of Honour" of some eight hundred great or familiar names is given; and the names of all sons of peers and baronets, as well as of many of their relatives, who have fallen in the war, whether they have died unmarried or were married and left descendants, are retained in the present volume, so that their services may be duly placed on record. Messrs. Dean and Son have enlarged this year's issue to the extent of some two hundred pages, and the volume is, as always, admirably produced from every point of view.



ENEMY CAPTURES IN SERBIA: SPOIL FROM KRAGUJEVATZ ARSENAL PUT ON THE RAILWAY FOR REMOVAL.

According to an enemy wireless communication, a quantity of up-to-date war material was taken at the capture of Kragujevatz and the Serbian arsenal there. A Serbian official statement denied this, saying that only obsolete and comparatively unimportant stores and material were left. The above illustration bears out the Serbian account.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

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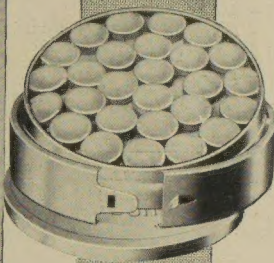
Leaving	Mtd.	Leaving	Mtd.
Charing Cross	12 15	Victoria	12 40
Waterloo	12 17	Holborn	12 35
Cannon Street	12 22	St. Paul's	12 36
London Bridge	12 28	Herne Hill	12 50
New Cross	12 37		
Arriving	a.m.	Arriving	a.m.
Sevenoaks	1 11	Chatham	1 46
Tonbridge	1 23	Sittingbourne	1 7
Tunbridge Wells	1 49	Sheerness Dockyard	2 32
Rexhill	2 20	Faversham	2 19
West St. Leonards	2 26	Whitstable Town	2 32
St. Leonards	2 31	Herne Bay	2 41
Hastings	2 36	Birchington	2 57
Paddock Wood	1 35	Westgate	3 3
Maidstone	2 13	Margate West	3 9
Ashford	2 14	Broadstairs	3 19
Canterbury West	3 4	Ramsgate Harbour	3 28
Ramsgate Town	3 49	Canterbury East	2 44
Margate Sands	3 56	Keeney	3 8
Shorncliffe	2 41	Martin Mill	3 25
Folkestone Central	2 46	Walmer	3 31
Folkestone Junction	2 51	Deal	3 36
Dover Harbour	3 2	Sandwich	3 45

CHRISTMAS DAY.—The Ordinary Sunday Service will run, with certain exceptions.

For full particulars as to Train Services during the Holidays, see Special Train Service Supplement.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Value of Sport.** It seems to me that, somehow or other, the value of the sporting side of motoring has been greatly overlooked by the general public. Even those in high places, who ought to know better, have characterised the owners of cars as possessors of a luxury. Yet if it had not been for the sporting side of motoring and its adoption by persons of means in the early days of the industry, this country would not have been in the position to-day of being able to provide its army with the fine fleet of mechanical-transport vehicles that have played such an important part in preserving that self-same army from disaster. All honour, therefore, is due to those individuals who bought motor-cars in the early—now almost prehistoric—times of the automobile movement, which were truly a sporting proposition: cars that with difficulty ran twenty miles without a breakdown, and which were cursed by all other road-users and stigmatised as "stink-pots"! Those pioneer supporters of the motor industry—the private owners—by racing, hill-climbing, and touring contests, bought new cars each year, and so encouraged the manufacturers to

improve their goods. It was only when the private touring-car became a reliable road-travelling machine that the commercial world ventured to adopt this means for the transport of its goods.

**Unjust Treatment.** Why the motorist has been always unjustly treated by his fellow-man is another of those puzzles that require a lot of elucidation. Yet at first his vehicle had to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag as a warning to all and sundry of his presence on the road, while a coach-and-four could gallop along the same highway as fast as it liked. This crippled and ruined the first business houses who attempted to build the motors in England at that period, as consequently they lost their money—a matter of some £200,000. Then when the red flag was abolished, in November 1896, the Legislature was constantly invoked to harass the unfortunate motorist, even to the last Budget. His petrol has been taxed to pay for the roads, yet nobody ever thought of putting a wheel-tax upon other carriage-users for the same purpose.

Still the spirit of sport made the best of the difficulties, put up with uncalled-for and unjust fines, until war proved that rapid mobilisation and the rushing of troops to the firing line depended upon the much-maligned motor-car. Yet, forsooth, in some people's minds the motor-car is a luxury, and therefore to be discouraged:

#### A Fatal Mistake.

For many years past this country has made the fatal mistake of discouraging home industries and becoming a nation of factors. The war has demonstrated conclusively that it is absolutely necessary for each country to be able to produce all the goods it needs. Therefore, everything that is possible must be done to preserve the British motor industry. At the moment this industry has come to the aid of the nation and utilised its machine-shops for producing munitions, and has let its ordinary vocation and goodwill slide away into the pit of war. How it

will emerge from this abyss few can prognosticate, but there is one thing certain, and that is it will require all the help it can get to enable the trade to climb again into the eminence it formerly occupied. Therefore those that cry out that cars are a luxury are, indeed, helping to stifle a necessary industry. On patriotic grounds it deserves every encouragement and support.



DRIVING THE MUNITIONS MINISTER: MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S CHAUFFEUR.

Mr. Lloyd George was one of the first to realise that all chauffeurs of military age should join the Forces, and their place be taken, so far as possible, by older men or experienced lady drivers. Our photograph shows Mr. Lloyd George's chauffeur in the Minister's Napier landaulet. It is well known that the Napier is an exceptionally easy car to drive, and for this reason it is a great favourite with lady drivers. The car is handled by Mr. Lloyd George's chauffeur in a very skilful manner, and she doubtless appreciates the value of Napier reliability in the heavy work which the car has to undertake.



CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT: PRESENTS FOR HUMBER EMPLOYEES WHO HAVE ENLISTED.

Nearly six hundred employees of Humber, Ltd., are serving with the colours, and our photograph shows how their comrades at home are not forgetting them. Each parcel contains a pipe, tobacco, cigarettes, a Christmas pudding, potted meat, a muffler, and other acceptable gifts.

#### A Plain Duty.

The motor-vehicle has replaced the horse for most purposes, and this must be recognised. As formerly we all helped to improve the breed of that animal, so in the future we have all to help "breed" the best motor-cars. When peace does come this country will want to get all the money it can by its exports. So far, the motor trade has had a fierce struggle to retain its own home market, and this is likely to be a bigger fight than ever after the finish of hostilities. It wants to get the orders for its goods from Russia, from our Colonies, and from China. In peace the motor industry was self-supporting, and war has shown its adaptability; therefore it can be confidently claimed as one of the indispensable trades of the nation, deserving help and not hindrance. It behoves us all, consequently, to give it the utmost support we can.

W. W.



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## MISCELLANEOUS.

CHRISTMAS visitors to the Sussex coast promise to be numerous this year. Perhaps no other part of the country can show such a magnificent record of sunshine as the sunny South. In nearly all the towns soldiers are recuperating after months of battle, and are benefiting to the full by the invigorating and revitalising air; and, if such wonders are worked for these, cannot the same be done for others? In present circumstances, there is no better place for a brief holiday than the Sunny South Coast—Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Hayling Island, Southsea, Isle of Wight, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells. All have their peculiar attractions, and are ideal resorts for Christmas. Particulars will be sent to any inquirer upon applying to the Publicity Department, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway is catering well for Christmas holiday-makers. On Friday, Dec. 24, a fast late train will be run to Faversham, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Canterbury, Walmer, Deal, Sandwich, and Dover, leaving Victoria at 12.40 midnight and Holborn 12.35 midnight, calling at St. Paul's 12.36 midnight, Herne Hill 12.50 midnight, and Bromley South 1.8 a.m. (Saturday). This train will have a connection for the Crystal Palace at 11.45 p.m., from Greenwich Park at 11.24 p.m., and from Catford (via Bromley South) at 12.17 midnight. A similar train will also be run on Friday, Dec. 24, to Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Bexhill, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone, and Dover, leaving Charing Cross at 12.15 midnight, Waterloo 12.17, Cannon Street 12.22, London Bridge 12.28, and New Cross at 12.37 midnight. On Christmas Day the ordinary Sunday service will run, with certain exceptions.

The Evelina Hospital for Children, Southwark, S.E., is urgently in need of support. Owing to its position, this

exceptionally useful hospital is not so well known as other institutions, and so suffers, although it is carrying on excellent work. Although nothing can be done for the wounded at the "Evelina," as it is a hospital for children, many of its patients are the suffering little ones of our brave soldiers and sailors; it is the only large children's hospital for the whole of South London. Any contribution will be gratefully received by the Secretary, Mr. H. C. Staniland Smith.

Some very interesting observations bearing on the effect of the war on trade in the Metropolis are made in the preface to the new 1916 edition of the "Post Office London

having brought it out to time, in spite of the drain of recruiting upon their staff.

Diaries kept in these days of storm and stress—especially by those on active service—will be more than ever interesting hereafter. Many convenient types are found among the well-known Letts's "Quickref" Diaries, as also for the more trivial but—to their owners—equally important purpose of recording engagements and brief memoranda. John Letts, their inventor, founded the business in 1816—just a century since. Thackeray used a No. 12 Letts, which he mentions in "Roundabout Papers." To-day, Letts Diaries, now published by Messrs.

Cassell, have assumed an infinite variety of form and price. They include not only diaries pure and simple, but many different sorts of personal registers and note-books for people of various professions and businesses.

The lighting of country houses, estates, etc., was until recent years a difficult problem. Oil-lamps are unsatisfactory. Electricity is expensive, needing a competent attendant. The solution of the difficulty is to be found in the system known everywhere as the Willett Light. This is a perfected system of petrol-air gas, affording the convenience of electricity without any complicated mechanism or danger, the light costing less than oil-lamps. The system is so simple that a novice can keep it in perfect working order, and, when fitted with pneumatic switches and by-pass attachments, the Willett Light can be turned on and off as easily as electric light. The light itself is soft, restful, yet powerful, and the effects obtainable with artistic globes and shades are charming.

It is equally satisfactory for lighting, heating, or cooking. The Willett Light is already well known throughout the world as the leading lighting system for country houses, estates, etc. Any readers who are interested should pay a visit to the show-rooms, where the Willett Plant is always to be seen at work. Full particulars of the Willett Light are given in Booklet "M," which can be obtained free from W. Willett, 37D, Sloane Square, S.W.



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: THE IMPERIAL STATE CARRIAGE—SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO THE BRITISH STATE COACH—IN THE PROCESSION.

The enthronement of the Emperor Yoshihito—a ceremony akin to our Coronation, though there is no actual crowning—took place on November 30 at Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan. The photograph shows the exquisite taste of the triumphal arches and decorations on the processional route.

Photograph by the Meiji Seihango.

Directory," which well maintains its high standard of utility. "The ordinary English business man," it states, "has never showed more keenness about maintaining and extending his trade than at the present moment. A startling proof of this can be adduced from the fact that the present—the 117th edition (of the Directory)—contains more blocks of registered trade-marks, etc., than have ever appeared in any previous issue." The publishers (Kelly's Directorics, Ltd.) are to be congratulated on

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